Death In Blackpool

(BILLY laughs. In a car.)
BILLY: Here, Tash, you'll like this. (Singing) While Shepherds washed their socks by night all seated on the ground, a bar of Sunlight Soap came down, da-da-da-da around. (Laugh.) Here, do you like that, Tash?
NATASHA: My name is Natasha.
BILLY: I can't remember how it finished, though. Er... (Singing) A bar of Sunlight Soap came down...
NATASHA: The shepherds used the soap, I presume?
BILLY: Billy Burnham, you will write out the proper words one hundred times. Wouldn't you know, Sunlight soap's all I can remember. Fat lot of good that did Mrs Williams.
NATASHA: Who?
BILLY: Oh, it doesn't matter, love. I'm sure they sing it right at Roedean. Do you want the heater on?
NATASHA: No.
BILLY: Yeah, you're right, soon be turning off. You'll have to make your own way from Warrington.
NATASHA: But ... Blackpool. I'm going to Blackpool.
BILLY: M Six North, your sign said. But don't worry, there'll be plenty of folk going up from here tonight. And you be careful, mind. Don't you be cadging a ride off just anyone.
NATASHA: Take me to Blackpool!
(Car horns.)
BILLY: Hey, hey!
(Struggle.)
BILLY: Pack it in, will you? What are you playing at?
(Car horn.)
BILLY: All right, all right, we're sound!
NATASHA: Please. You promised.
BILLY: Do you want to get me pulled over? Christmas Eve, coppers are going to breathalyse you for the slightest thing.
NATASHA: You were drunk?
BILLY: Not for six years now.
NATASHA: You were drunk six years ago?
BILLY: I was drunk at Christmas. I was drunk at Easter. I was drunk Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring. Oh well. Straight now though, mind. That's why I'm going back.
NATASHA: To Warrington?
BILLY: To my son. He's a bit older than you now. I'm taking him a present, just to make up for all them Christmases that I wasn't there.
NATASHA: Where is it?
BILLY: You are sitting in it. A yellow Dinky hot rod, that was always his favourite. Well, this is the big version. (Laugh.) Oh - hope he's passed his test.
NATASHA: You bought this car for him?
BILLY: At auction. I've got a motor business now in Sydenham. Do you know it?
NATASHA: Sydenham? No.
BILLY: Ah well, it was rough for a while, mind, before I got meself sorted. That's why I make a point of picking up hitchers. Right, er ... Gonna have to drop you on the approach road, love.
NATASHA: I - I don't want to.
BILLY: Come on. It'll be all right, you know, when you get there.
NATASHA: Blackpool.
BILLY: Running away, that's hard. Running back's far harder, I reckon.
NATASHA: I'm not running.
BILLY: Come on, Tash...
NATASHA: Natasha.
BILLY: Yeah, right, don't - don't make me drag yer out. Oh, for heaven's sake.
(Car door opened. Cars going past.)
NATASHA: Don't make me, Billy.
BILLY: Out.
NATASHA: Don't make me do it.
BILLY: Do what?

NATASHA: I'd sooner spare the energy.
BILLY: Oh, would you now? (Laugh.) Come on, o - out, I said, out. Out you come, come on. Tash? Oh Tash, are you all right, love?
NATASHA: (Zygon voice) You have made me do this, Billy.
BILLY: No. No. No...!

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, chuff.
THE DOCTOR: Chuff?
LUCIE MILLER: Chuff! Well, it's not Blackpool, is it?
THE DOCTOR: "Chuff"!
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on, Doctor. I know this place...
(Door has been closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! What are you closing the door for?
THE DOCTOR: Bramlington Services just off the M Sixty Two, previously the site of a failed inter-terrestrial incursion by a species called...
LUCIE MILLER: ... The Only Ones. I was there.
THE DOCTOR: You were.
LUCIE MILLER: Now you're ribbing me. Come on - Blackpool, Christmas, now.
THE DOCTOR: You're not curious, Lucie, to know why we've landed here, of all places?
LUCIE MILLER: It's like this. I want Christmas at home, with me family. (Laugh.) I want nephews and nieces crying 'cause they've opened everything by half past nine and they still want more.
THE DOCTOR: Right...
LUCIE MILLER: I want me mum running the still-frozen turkey under the hot tap at ten. I want me great Gran half-cut on cooking sherry by eleven.
THE DOCTOR: Gotcha.
LUCIE MILLER: I want me Dad and me Uncle going hammer and tongs over who was the best James Bond all through dinner. And I want the neighbours joining in because the walls are so damn thin and they're as drunk and as bored as we are.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, but...
LUCIE MILLER: And in the afternoon I want me Aunty Pat haring up to the house on a tiny moped with some greasy unsuitable riding pillion, bringing us a crate of cheap Czech beer like battery acid, to render us slowly insensible while Del Boy gets repeated for the umpteenth time. And all the while I want the central heating on too high so everyone's got a blinding headache by four, and when we finally head out for a breath of fresh air, just as its getting dark, the air is so sharp it's like being born again ... Are you listening to me?
THE DOCTOR: Aunty Pat.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. I want me Aunty Pat, is that all right with you?
AUNTY PAT: Lucie! Coo-ee! Lucie!
(Running over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat?
THE DOCTOR: Told you.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat!
AUNTY PAT: Hey!
LUCIE MILLER: (overcome) Oh, hello!
AUNTY PAT: All right, you - oh, spare us the bear-hug. You'll crack a rib.
LUCIE MILLER: God, look at you, you're so ... so...
AUNTY PAT: Old?
LUCIE MILLER: No. Well, yes. But in a good way, I mean. Oh!
AUNTY PAT: I know. Hello, Doctor. Well, this *is* a turn-up, isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: It is.
THE DOCTOR: It is.
AUNTY PAT: I was on my way up, to Blackpool.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Like us.
AUNTY PAT: And I saw the sign for Bramlington, and I thought, I wonder if it's still the same.
LUCIE MILLER: Is it?
AUNTY PAT: Course not. It's all frappé lattes and toasted Paninis and test your blood pressure machines in the loos.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh well, that'll do.

THE DOCTOR: You want to test your blood pressure?
LUCIE MILLER: Frappé latte and turkey Panini with chips. You're buying.
THE DOCTOR: Right.
(Car screech.)
AUNTY PAT: Mind!
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! You trying to kill me?
THE DOCTOR: Idiot.
AUNTY PAT: Leave it. Hey, it's Christmas.
LUCIE MILLER: But still...
AUNTY PAT: Still, you weren't looking, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. And fancy not seeing something as yellow and nasty as that.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, you two.
(Walking off.)
AUNTY PAT: Oh, he hasn't changed. Always dashing ahead.
LUCIE MILLER: I know. I'm sorry. Come on. I want all the goss, mind. Everything you've been up to since Nineteen Eighty-Five.
AUNTY PAT: Oh. Why ... Nineteen Eighty-Five?
LUCIE MILLER: Why not?
BILLY: Well, this *is* a turn-up. Aunty Pat.
(Car door closed.)

(Pouring liquid.)
THE DOCTOR: So, two frothy coffees, two sugars. Now, how does one get a pot of tea, do you suppose?
LUCIE MILLER: Call a robot from out the back.
THE DOCTOR: Robot?
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) Not really. I'll see if I can get one from Paolo Panini here, if he ever appears. Hello? Anyone there?
THE DOCTOR: I wonder if Flo is still here.
LUCIE MILLER: Can't quite see her fitting in round here, can you? I mean, she had a personality. Hoi! We need tea, and something hot.
BILLY: Er, excuse me. Can I just...?
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, of course, erm - don't mind my friend.
BILLY: How do you get black out of this?
THE DOCTOR: Don't press white.
BILLY: Got you.
LUCIE MILLER: I said, hello! Any chance of getting a Panini and chips this side of Christmas?
THE DOCTOR: I'll take these over to Pat.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, but I can't be doing with sandwiches from the chiller. Halfway frozen, all soggy in the middle.
BILLY: Know what you mean, love.
(Liquid pouring into plastic cup.)
LUCIE MILLER: Just the eight sugars, is it?
BILLY: Oh. Right.
LUCIE MILLER: You'll rot your teeth.
BILLY: Low on energy, that's all.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry. Diabetic, yeah? You know, I had a boyfriend used to crash like that, he...
BILLY: Not like that, no.
THE DOCTOR: Mind?
AUNTY PAT: Oh, sorry. Miles away. No sandwiches?
THE DOCTOR: Only cold ones.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, I hate that.
THE DOCTOR: Yep. Budge up.
AUNTY PAT: Sorry.
(They both speak at the same time.)
THE DOCTOR: Of course, I knew this couldn't be any kind of coincidence...
AUNTY PAT: Look, sorry, I don't want to drag you off course, it's just...
THE DOCTOR: You first.
AUNTY PAT: You first.

LUCIE MILLER: I'll count to ten, then I'm coming in there and putting some chips on meself.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, she doesn't change.
THE DOCTOR: No. You have, Warlord Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: Sorry?
THE DOCTOR: You got old. Like Lucie said, crow's feet, touch of grey, stiffness in the limbs...
AUNTY PAT: Oh, cheers, Doctor. You sure know how to flatter a girl.
THE DOCTOR: But you shouldn't have, should you? You're a Zygon, you shouldn't have changed one iota from the moment you took Pat's body print. You should look...
AUNTY PAT: Early thirties still. More like middle fifties now.
(A man sounding like Noddy Holder of the 1970s pop group Slade.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Ho, ho, ho.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, hello, Santa. You collecting?
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Erm - I'm all out of change - well, Earth change anyhow.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: No, no, no. Have you seen my reindeer?
AUNTY PAT: Reindeer?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Dasher and Dancer, Prancer and Vixen.
THE DOCTOR: Comet and Cupid, Donner and Blitzen.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Oh, you know them.
THE DOCTOR: Not personally.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Most people say Rudolph.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, the invention of a department store, Nineteen Thirty-Nine, I believe.
LUCIE MILLER: Do you mind? Best I could do, cup of lukewarm tea.
THE DOCTOR: No chips, then?
LUCIE MILLER: Given up. Reckon someone's knocked off early for Christmas. You collecting or what?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I've lost me reindeer.
LUCIE MILLER: Obviously.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I left them tied to the bike stands, only now they've gone.
LUCIE MILLER: That'll be the reindeer rustlers. Famous for it, Bramlington is. Some Herbert's twocked off with the lot, I expect, probably taking them the wrong way round the roundabout all the time.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It isn't funny!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah, mate, whatever.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: What's your name, little girl?
LUCIE MILLER: Lucie. Lucie Miller.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you writing it down for?
THE DOCTOR: He's making a list. He's checking it twice.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah, you've got it. There'll be no presents for Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: That's I.E., not Y. With a Y it's all Home Counties and horsey, can't bear it.
THE DOCTOR: I think that's enough, both of you.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Your name is also going on the list. What is it?
LUCIE MILLER: Don't tell him, Doctor.
(She chuckles at the old 'Dad's Army' joke.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I've had it up to here with the lot of you. All you kids, reckon you don't believe in me no more. Time was, there wasn't a parlour in the land where they didn't put out a mince pie and a glass of sherry of a Christmas Eve. Not much to ask, is it, just a little nibble, and a drop of the Christmas spirit. This year, nada. Nothing. So it's come to this. Me, in a service station, looking for a light bite and a low alcohol lager, just to keep me going on me way.
AUNTY PAT: Yeah, all right, mate.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's been heading this way for years. You can teach a gnome to build a wooden train, but a games console? Oh, and don't get me started on the labour. This year, they formed a delegation, banging on about workers' exploitation and had I heard of Fair Trade schemes at all.
LUCIE MILLER: Right...
THE DOCTOR: You're not well, are you? Let me help.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Ah - That's it. I'm done. You don't need me, none of you. I'm taking meself up to the glass bridge, pal. And you know what I'm going to do next?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, don't be daft.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: I'm chucking meself off. Crash! Splat! Santa smeared all over the carriageway.
AUNTY PAT: You're not serious?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You reckon? A Merry Christmas one and all, and a great big...
(Blows a raspberry.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: ... to the lot of yer.
Man in Background: Charming!
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Look, please, wait.
AUNTY PAT: Stop him, Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Ah, look, leave it to me.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. Hey, Santa. Stop!
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Stick it.
LUCIE MILLER: I know where they'll have a mince pie for yer. Glass of sherry too.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You do?
LUCIE MILLER: Cooking rubbish, mind, but it's better than nothing.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I'm listening.
LUCIE MILLER: Blackpool. Forty-Six Cheney Road, Blackpool.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I like Blackpool. Used to tie Dasher and the boys to the top of the Tower.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. And I thought it was the donkeys did all that up the Golden Mile.
(Walking.)
AUNTY PAT: Lucie, what do you think you're...
LUCIE MILLER: It's all right. I'm on it.
THE DOCTOR: Be careful.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Y-you think ... you think that's where they've gone?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah. Definitely.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Your friends - they think the same?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not so sure about this...
AUNTY PAT: This isn't...
LUCIE MILLER: (interrupting them) Yep, yep, yep, they do.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Okay then. You got transport, right?
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, the last thing that man needs right now is absolute proof of Time and Space travel.
LUCIE MILLER: We'll just drop him off at a shelter. He'll put it down to too much booze in the morning.
AUNTY PAT: I'll drive.
LUCIE MILLER: You're not serious? Aunty Pat...
AUNTY PAT: Oh, come on. I've taken worse to your parents at Christmas.
LUCIE MILLER: When?
AUNTY PAT: Dad...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh him, yeah.
AUNTY PAT: Sven...
LUCIE MILLER: The one with the Viking helmet.
AUNTY PAT: No, that was Wolfie.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you sure?
THE DOCTOR: Right, we'll go, we'll have a mince pie and a glass of sherry and then we'll call someone, yeah?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: What's that?
AUNTY PAT: Nothing.
LUCIE MILLER: You didn't say anything, did you, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I...
AUNTY PAT: Did you?
THE DOCTOR: Against my better judgement.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Well, all right. Blackpool here we come. Where's the car?
AUNTY PAT: Blue Nova towards the back.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Come on, then.

LUCIE MILLER: My Mum, though.
AUNTY PAT: Yeah. (Laughs.) Classic.

(Car driving.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's Christmas!
AUNTY PAT: Simmer down, you in the back!
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and shut the window. Me neck's getting wind-chill.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Just a bit of breeze. Not like driving a sleigh above the Pennines.
THE DOCTOR: The Pennines, hah! Once I rode a magic carpet over the Khyber Pass.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You taking the proverbial?
AUNTY PAT: Oi, children.
(Window closed.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Happy now?
LUCIE MILLER: How much further?
AUNTY PAT: Twenty minutes. What's he playing at?
LUCIE MILLER: What?
AUNTY PAT: Fellow right up my...
THE DOCTOR: Watch out.
(Thump. Cry.)
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell?
AUNTY PAT: It's all right.
LUCIE MILLER: All right? We've been rammed up the bumper.
THE DOCTOR: Let him overtake.
LUCIE MILLER: You've got to be kidding.
THE DOCTOR: Let him, Pat.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Maniac!
THE DOCTOR: That's enough.
LUCIE MILLER: Got a pen in here? Paper?
AUNTY PAT: What?
LUCIE MILLER: To get his registration.
AUNTY PAT: Er...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God!
THE DOCTOR: What is it, Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: James Blunt. Aunty Pat, there is James Blunt in your glove compartment.
AUNTY PAT: So?
LUCIE MILLER: James Blunt! Aunty Pat, what happened?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I like a bit of James Blunt.
LUCIE MILLER: I didn't ask you.
THE DOCTOR: Quiet, quiet, quiet. It's him. From the car park.
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey.
(Car horn toots.)
LUCIE MILLER: A canary yellow hot rod.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: F, W, One Five, B, P ... B or P?
AUNTY PAT: Leave it, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: God, I need glasses.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Could be a P or a B.
AUNTY PAT: I said leave it.
THE DOCTOR: Pat?
AUNTY PAT: Please, it's Christmas.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's Christmas!
LUCIE MILLER:/AUNTY PAT: Quiet, you!

(FATHER CHRISTMAS wakes up.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: What - what's that?
AUNTY PAT: Forty-six Cheney Road. Thus the wheel, Madam.
LUCIE MILLER: Thank you, Parker. (Laughs.) Come on, you two.
THE DOCTOR: Are you sure about this?
LUCIE MILLER: As I'll ever be. Magic.
(Car doors closing.)

LUCIE MILLER: Hey, noise. This isn't Saint Annes, you know.
THE DOCTOR: You need a ticket?
AUNTY PAT: It's Christmas.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's Chri...
LUCIE MILLER: Don't even think it, Sunshine.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Oh.
(Creaking.)
AUNTY PAT: Hasn't he fixed that yet?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, I know. Mum's always on at him. Mind your feet.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, sorry.
THE DOCTOR: Toast crumbs?
AUNTY PAT: Reindeer food.
LUCIE MILLER: It's just what we do, all right?
AUNTY PAT: Every Christmas Eve since she was small she's put out toast crumbs on the path.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Reindeer food.
LUCIE MILLER: Er, yeah.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Oh, you little love.
AUNTY PAT: Come on. I'm freezing.
(Doorbell rings.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hold on.
AUNTY PAT: If we're lucky there'll be a film on. Something nice.
LUCIE MILLER: I said hold on.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: It's my job. Feeding the reindeer.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, we're a bit late this year.
LUCIE MILLER: No we're not, we're early, a whole year early.
LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) It's all right, I'll get it.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh heck. Leg it!
(Rushing off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hello? Hello? Yeah, very funny. And a merry Christmas to you too!
AUNTY PAT: Here'll do.
THE DOCTOR: She's not happy, you know.
AUNTY PAT: She'll be fine, once she's back from the offy. Big bottle of cider cheer her up no end, Santa too.
THE DOCTOR: I can't say I approve.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, give the girl a break. She's lost a Christmas after all ... Oh, ow!
THE DOCTOR: What is it?
AUNTY PAT: Oh ... Grazed me coccyx on a stool.
THE DOCTOR: I didn't know Zygons had a coccyx. Haygoth?
AUNTY PAT: All right, Doctor. Sit down. You're making me nervous.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie is here.
AUNTY PAT: No-one else will be under the pier this time on Christmas Eve. What is the time, anyway?
THE DOCTOR: Two Thousand And Eight.
AUNTY PAT: I said I was sorry.
THE DOCTOR: Parabolic diverter?
AUNTY PAT: Home-grown.
THE DOCTOR: You need to be careful. You could have pulled anything out of the vortex.
AUNTY PAT: Only anything with a course set for Blackpool. I'll phone. Tell the other Lucie I couldn't make it this year. Car trouble.
THE DOCTOR: Check with our Lucie first. Make sure she got the message all those years ago, work out what you're doing next year while you're about it.
AUNTY PAT: No need. I won't be here.
THE DOCTOR: Well, so long as you're sure.
AUNTY PAT: Not the next year either. Or the one after that.
(She sobs.)
THE DOCTOR: Pat? Patricia.

(Shutter coming down.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no. No, no, no!

THE SHOPKEEPER: Sorry, love. Got to shut up shop.
LUCIE MILLER: All we want's a bottle of cider. Come on. It's Christmas.
THE SHOPKEEPER: Sorry. Me licence.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh well, cheers.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Is it a pub? Does off-sales?
LUCIE MILLER: Dunno. Maybe the Labour Club. You remember?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: How dare you. My coat may be red, but my...
LUCIE MILLER: Put a sock in it, Santa. Come on.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: But the booze.
LUCIE MILLER: We'll go without.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Then what?
LUCIE MILLER: Sleeping in the car, I guess. And I bagsy the back seat, so the rest of you will just have to fight it out...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Hey!
LUCIE MILLER: ... amongst yourselves...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Hey, watch out!
(Car driving, Collision. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)

(Distant siren.)
AUNTY PAT: Some poor beggar's lucky night.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah. You're sure about this, Haygoth, this...?
AUNTY PAT: Photomelanoma. It's just what happens when a Zygon stays in the same body too long. The photoreceptor cells and the skin mutate, dividing and expanding, dividing and expanding, over and over.
THE DOCTOR: You're looking old, Lucie said.
AUNTY PAT: Oh yeah. Once it starts there's no stopping. And without the ship, without the Skarasen ... I knew, back then, in Nineteen Eighty-Five. I knew this'd happen one day.
THE DOCTOR: Then why?
AUNTY PAT: Wasn't me I changed back for, was it?
THE DOCTOR: Don't tell me you're living through this as a penance?
AUNTY PAT: I was grieving, Doctor. If I'd have told her, about Pat, about how she died, well that'd have made it real, wouldn't it?
THE DOCTOR: It *was* real.
AUNTY PAT: Besides, what's your excuse? You could have told her, then and there. Your Aunty Pat's dead, and the Pat you've known all these years was her Zygon lover, wearing her form...
THE DOCTOR: She loved you though, as Pat. We both knew that.
AUNTY PAT: You don't know responsibility, Doctor, until you've borne the weight of someone's love. It was hard being with her, so hard.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
AUNTY PAT: And then, one day, it wasn't. I loved her. She loved me. It was the easiest thing in the world. Except now we've got to say goodbye, you know, properly.
THE DOCTOR: So that's what this is all about. Pulling us off course.
AUNTY PAT: One last Christmas in Blackpool, yes.
THE DOCTOR: I don't know.
AUNTY PAT: We cheated her out of mourning her Aunty once. We won't do it again.
THE DOCTOR: Still...
(FATHER CHRISTMAS cry.)
AUNTY PAT: Shh. He's back.
THE DOCTOR: Where's Lucie?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You ... you...
AUNTY PAT: All right, big man, catch your breath.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie - where is she?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: There was a car.
AUNTY PAT: A car?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I called out to her, but...
THE DOCTOR: Tell us slowly.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yellow, it was. I called out, but there wasn't time.
AUNTY PAT: Time for what?
THE DOCTOR: A yellow car?

FATHER CHRISTMAS: They're with her now. The ambulance people. I'm sorry.
AUNTY PAT: Oh no. No. No!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: So sorry.
(Ambulance siren.)

(Medical instrument's rhythmic bleeps in background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah, whoah, whoah, whoah! Ow. Ow. Oh. Oh, God. Holby City. Holby at Christmas, that's worse. Hello? I said, hello? It's all right, I'm fine. I'm just going to get up...
(LUCIE MILLER gasps. Frightened gasp.)
LUCIE MILLER: Urgh, there's something in me arm. A needle or something. Oh, I don't want it there. It's freaking me right out. Can anyone hear me! Anyone? I can't hear *you*. Please? I can't hear ... anything. I don't like this now. Please? Anyone?

TANNOY: Doctor Millington to A and E, please, Doctor Millington to A and E. Thank you.
MARIKA: You are not family?
AUNTY PAT: Well...
THE DOCTOR: No.
MARIKA: Not Mum and Dad?
THE DOCTOR: No, obviously.
MARIKA: You should talk to staff nurse. I am Marika, health-care assistant.
THE DOCTOR: We saw the ambulance taking her away.
AUNTY PAT: Just wanted to see if she was okay.
MARIKA: You will get me in trouble.
THE DOCTOR: Please.
AUNTY PAT: A minute, that's all.
THE DOCTOR: Two minutes.
AUNTY PAT: No trouble.
MARIKA: Two minutes, okay?

LUCIE MILLER: Oh. At last. This place has been freaking me out. Come on, smile. I'm all right, see? Well, except there's this thing stuck in me hand. I'm not looking. Hey, you, nurse. Do I need this, like? Well, say something. Doctor? Speak up. I can't hear you. Aunty Pat? Come on, this isn't funny.
THE DOCTOR: Query fractured collarbone, this says.
MARIKA: It is minor injury. This is no concern.
THE DOCTOR: But she's still unconscious.
MARIKA: Yes. You should go now.
AUNTY PAT: She'll wake up, though.
MARIKA: I ... I cannot say.
THE DOCTOR: ECS, GCS. Ah. Ah.
AUNTY PAT: What's that?
THE DOCTOR: Glasgow coma scale, goes from three to fifteen, fifteen is awake.
AUNTY PAT: And?
THE DOCTOR: Four.
MARIKA: That is two minutes. You will have to talk to Staff Nurse now.
AUNTY PAT: Please. I need to know.
MARIKA: You'll make me call Security.
THE DOCTOR: Pat.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, don't "Pat" me! (Echoing) She's my Lucie. My lovely girl. I can't just leave her here.
LUCIE MILLER: Pat?
AUNTY PAT: (Echoing) Please!
LUCIE MILLER: I can hear you, Aunty Pat. Well, kind of.
AUNTY PAT: (Echoing) Well, *we* can't, can we? Because if you phone up Lucie Miller's parents they'll say, she's here with us, you madman.
LUCIE MILLER: Am I all right? Aunty Pat.
AUNTY PAT: (Echoing) I'll be back, sweetheart. You're beautiful.
LUCIE MILLER: James Blunt, eh? No, you're not going. Don't go. Aunty Pat. Aunty Pat! That's it, then. I'm dead. Dead or dying.

BILLY: (Singing) While shepherds washed their socks by night, all seated on the ground, a bar of Sunlight Soap came down, da-da-da-da-da-da. (Talking) How do.
LUCIE MILLER: And you.
BILLY: Name's Billy. Porter.
LUCIE MILLER: Billy the porter. Right, listen ... Oh. I can hear you.
BILLY: Ooh!
LUCIE MILLER: I thought me hearing was gone, or...
BILLY: Or?
LUCIE MILLER: I was dead. (Laugh) Stupid.
BILLY: You're not stupid, sweetheart.
LUCIE MILLER: I mean, fancy me...
BILLY: I said, you're not stupid.
LUCIE MILLER: You don't mean ... Oh no. Oh hell.
BILLY: Sorry, love.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, piggin' hell.

(Phone.)
RECEPTIONIST: A and E? Sorry, emergencies only. Stuck in a what? Mm, right up to the elbow, uh-huh. Have you tried breaking the bones? No, not yours, the turkey's. I appreciate that, sir. Goose fat. You might be able to ease it out. Yes, thank you, Santa. If you wouldn't mind sitting down.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I'm spreading a bit of the Christmas spirit.
RECEPTIONIST: Spread it outside if you must. Sorry about that. Yes. Yes, I realise that, sir. We're very busy. Next time stuff it with a spoon. No, I'm not a doctor. Oh! And a Merry Christmas to you too!
(Receiver replaced.)

LUCIE MILLER: I don't get it, Billy.
BILLY: Get what, Lucie love?
LUCIE MILLER: If I'm dying, what's all this stuff in me arms for?
BILLY: Oh, that's just for the you on the other side. You can get up if you want, stretch your legs.
LUCIE MILLER: I can?
BILLY: Well, sort of, yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you sure?
BILLY: Just swing yourself off the bed, doesn't matter about the tubes and that, they're only there if you think they are.
LUCIE MILLER: And the cot bars?
BILLY: Come on, I'll help you. Come on, there's a knack.
LUCIE MILLER: Right, okay.
BILLY: Don't think about it. Just step out of the bed. Out of your body.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. Ooh! Oh!
BILLY: It's all right, I've got you.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry. Wobbly legs.
BILLY: I'll get you a wheelchair if you want.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I'm not a cripple.
BILLY: You're in a coma, love.
LUCIE MILLER: I know, I know. It's serious.
(LUCIE MILLER cries out.)
BILLY: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Me, on the bed.
BILLY: Well ... Yeah, well, that's how everyone on the other side looks from here.
LUCIE MILLER: The state of my eyebrows. I look so young.
BILLY: It's just you, sweetheart.
LUCIE MILLER: The other side? That's where they are, the Doctor, Aunty Pat?
BILLY: Your friends? Yeah, yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: The Doctor. He'd be coming up with a rubbish explanation for all this...
BILLY: See, the way I see it, there's all sorts of states of awareness. Cats - now, they live in a world of smell. Well, it's the same planet, but different.
LUCIE MILLER: And we see dead people?

BILLY: No. We dead people see. It's hearing there's a problem with.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I noticed. Aunty Pat - it was like she was on a bad connection, out of range.
BILLY: What, you heard her?
LUCIE MILLER: One word in three.
BILLY: Not the others with her?
LUCIE MILLER: No. Does that mean ... it's not so bad? I can get back?
BILLY: Uh, afraid not.
LUCIE MILLER: Then what?
BILLY: It means that she'll be joining us, soon.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't follow.
BILLY: She's dying too, love.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't be daft.
BILLY: You hear them all the time, specially in a place like this. Well, that's how you know. The patients - well, they're okay 'cause they've got an inkling. It's the visitors as gets to you. Laughing, cracking jokes, trying to cheer the patients up ... and they haven't got a clue it's them that's standing in the Reaper's shadow.
LUCIE MILLER: You've got this wrong. Aunty Pat, she's fine.
BILLY: You know Banshees? As in Siouxsie And The?
LUCIE MILLER: No.
BILLY: Course not. Before your time, I suppose. A banshee is a wailing spirit that foretells the death of someone living.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, yeah. Did you see which way they went?
BILLY: Thing is, the banshee doesn't wail to frighten the living...
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat? Where are you? Aunty Pat!
BILLY: It's just screaming out in horror, having heard your voice.

(Outside. Speaking while walking.)
AUNTY PAT: I don't know what you think you're doing, but she needs us now!
THE DOCTOR: No time.
AUNTY PAT: She needs you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: She needs the facilities on Kal-Med One or the Bi-Al Foundation.
AUNTY PAT: You're not listening.
THE DOCTOR: Give me your car keys, Pat. Haygoth. Whatever. Whatever.
AUNTY PAT: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: I have to bring the TARDIS here. I can't leave Lucie's life in the hands of primitives.
AUNTY PAT: The doctors and nurses, they know what they're doing.
THE DOCTOR: Well-meaning primitives, yes, but primitives all the same. Keys.
AUNTY PAT: You're not thinking straight.
THE DOCTOR: All right, I'll hitch. I can hitch.
AUNTY PAT: Even so, it's an hour and a half back to Bramlington. What if...
THE DOCTOR: Thanks for your help, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: What if you miss your chance to say goodbye?
THE DOCTOR: I ... I'll travel back, to now, you'll see. I've already landed the TARDIS around the back. I'm upstairs by her bedside.
AUNTY PAT: Disconnecting her life support?
THE DOCTOR: I'll have thought of something by now. I'm ... I'm there. Go and see.
AUNTY PAT: *You* go see!
THE DOCTOR: Pat, I have to do something!
AUNTY PAT: It's not about you, is it?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Hey, hey. Pack it in you two.
AUNTY PAT: Go away!
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Hey!
THE DOCTOR: Please, she means please.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You think I'm rubbish, don't yer. Some kind of whack-job, reckons he's Father Christmas. Basically harmless but not quite right in the head?
THE DOCTOR: Look, no time, sorry.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah, you're right. The thing is you two are so busy squabbling, you can't see what's right beneath your noses.

THE DOCTOR: I believe you. I believe you've got a story. I believe you're sincere but there's someone I care about very much in dire straits right now.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: And the fella who put her in them is in here, in Blackpool General.
THE DOCTOR: I don't follow.
AUNTY PAT: Oh my God. Right beneath our noses.
THE DOCTOR: Eh?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You're standing next to it, you eejit.
THE DOCTOR: Next to ... Car. Yellow car.
AUNTY PAT: Oh God.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah. Popped out to see if I could ponce a rolley off of someone, and there it was.
THE DOCTOR: Nasty yellow hot rod, registration F, W, One, Five, B, B...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah. Reckon he's come to finish the job.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Pat, call the police. I'm going to anchor myself by her bedside. Pat?
AUNTY PAT: Oh God. It's all my fault.
THE DOCTOR: No it's not. Come on...
(Claps hands.)
THE DOCTOR: Chop-chop.
AUNTY PAT: But I know who he is now, the driver.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: You what?
THE DOCTOR: Whatever, it can wait. Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: No, it can't. Come on, we have to keep her safe!
THE DOCTOR: Safe from what, Haygoth?

LUCIE MILLER: You. Marteeka or whatever your name is.
BILLY: She can't hear you, sweetheart.
LUCIE MILLER: Just leave the chocolate, will you? Like you need it anyhow.
BILLY: Just forget it, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Concentrate. I'm right in front of you, right here. Don't go.
BILLY: You're not doing any good.
LUCIE MILLER: She was the one with the Doctor and Aunty Pat.
BILLY: Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: We've got to find her, Aunty Pat, get her checked out ... Coffee machine.
BILLY: Sorry?
LUCIE MILLER: Déjà vu. I was stood beside a coffee machine with you, before...
BILLY: Oh ... (Laugh.) Whatever.
LUCIE MILLER: Just the eight sugars.
BILLY: The girl with the brain injury. She wonders if her mind's playing tricks on her.
LUCIE MILLER: You're right. It's nothing. Look, I'm going to check in Reception.
BILLY: It's no use.
LUCIE MILLER: If I can hear her, she can hear me, all right?
BILLY: Doesn't work like that, Lucie. You want to help, right, you want to do something useful?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Yeah I do.
BILLY: Then come with me.

THE DOCTOR: No, she's still here.
AUNTY PAT: Thank God.
THE DOCTOR: Santa?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah?
THE DOCTOR: Now, be a good chap, stay in the corridor. If anyone tries to come in...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Bounce 'em on me knee and ask them what they want for Christmas.
THE DOCTOR: You got it.
AUNTY PAT: It's like she's not here any more. Poor love.
THE DOCTOR: Now, you said you knew the man who did this to her, the driver.
AUNTY PAT: Yes, from the old days, before Pat.
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Another Zygon.
AUNTY PAT: Not exactly.
THE DOCTOR: What's not exactly a Zygon?
AUNTY PAT: A Zynog.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, of course.

AUNTY PAT: A Zynog is a Zygon whose original form has been destroyed as punishment for breaking the oldest of all our laws.
THE DOCTOR: Which is...?
AUNTY PAT: Using the body print of another Zygon.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, there's a grim sort of logic in that.
AUNTY PAT: They were cast out from the Zygon home-world wearing crude stunted forms incompatible with body-print technology. Some experimented with growing their own devices but succeeded only in transferring their essence into the bodies of the brain-dead.
THE DOCTOR: Revenance.
AUNTY PAT: Ghouls. This one followed my crew to Earth, in the hope of stealing back a Zygon body so they might change again in the noble fashion.
THE DOCTOR: But he must know you can't change back, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: He came to me, not long ago. He'd grown a new body-print machine from the wreckage of my ship. It would cure my photomelanoma. I could be a Zygon again. I could live, a little longer anyway.
THE DOCTOR: But the price would be...
AUNTY PAT: My body.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
AUNTY PAT: He knew my weakness. He knew how attached I'd become to this world, to my friends, to my family.
THE DOCTOR: To *Pat's* friends. To *Pat's* family.
AUNTY PAT: To Lucie. He knew I'd do anything to see her one last time. But when I saw he'd grown a parabolic diverter too in the hope of attracting a healthy alien...
THE DOCTOR: Oh, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: I stole it from him. I had to be sure I'd see my niece again. One last Christmas in Blackpool, that's all I wanted. I chose to live as an Earthling, Doctor. I'll die as an Earthling too.
THE DOCTOR: But he followed you?
AUNTY PAT: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: And now he's turned nasty.
AUNTY PAT: Yes. If I don't give him the body he wants...
THE DOCTOR: He'll take Lucie's. Well, we'll just have to ensure he doesn't get it.
AUNTY PAT: It's not that simple.
THE DOCTOR: It couldn't be, could it?
AUNTY PAT: It's not about the physical. He doesn't need to be here in this room to destroy her.
THE DOCTOR: Oh?
AUNTY PAT: He can project himself into her unconscious mind. But he can't just take over his victims unbidden. He needs them to vacate the premises fast. That's why he preys on the depressed, the dejected, the suicidal, anyone who won't put up too much of a fight.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, but this is Lucie Miller we're talking about.
AUNTY PAT: Exactly. He'll have to be clever.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Psst!
THE DOCTOR: Someone coming?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Er - just a thought. Er, you want to know where the driver of that car is?
AUNTY PAT + THE DOCTOR: Yes.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: CCTV. It's everywhere round here. Including the car park.
THE DOCTOR: So we can follow him, from the moment he parked his car. Brilliant! Father Christmas, stay here. Don't let anyone in.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Er - what about doctors?
THE DOCTOR: She's got a Doctor. Haygoth, come with me.
AUNTY PAT: Where are we going?
THE DOCTOR: Security.

LUCIE MILLER: Just some other poor beggar stuck in a hospital.
BILLY: Well, this poor beggar's not coming out.
LUCIE MILLER: "Bill, get well soon from Stubbsy, Banksy, Barnesy and your mates at the Lion." Liked a drink, did he?
BILLY: Oh yeah. (Laugh.) Oh, the old life and soul. Till his liver quit the party.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, he's all yellow, yeah.
BILLY: And he had kids. Look. They've done him a Christmas card.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, what is this? Give Lucie A Downer Day? Like I'm not depressed enough

right now.
BILLY: You ever carry one of them donor cards?
LUCIE MILLER: Typical. I didn't have it on me the day I got run over. What? You expect me to give him my liver?
BILLY:: Oh no, it's too late for that, love. Strain on his system caused a stroke. It's only a matter of time now. And, seeing as his Missus is up on a charge...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, please.
BILLY: Ooh, card fraud, and she done it an' all. Those kids - they're going into care.
LUCIE MILLER: Might be the best place for 'em.
BILLY: He'd do anything to have his time again. Always going to pack in the fags, just as soon as he was a bit less stressed, always going to start running a couple of miles a day, just as soon as he found the right trainers, always going to get margarine next time only this week there was a two for one on butter.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah well, human nature, isn't it?
BILLY: He's learned his lesson now. In there, he knows.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you, Saint Peter? He's justified, he gets to Heaven.
BILLY: No, love. As I said, I'm a porter. I move folks about. Now, look at him. A living brain in a broken body. You on the other hand, Lucie Miller...
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
BILLY: Your brain's just ticking over. Sooner or later he's going to give up, and he's going to take a fit young body with it.
LUCIE MILLER: Is that a compliment?
BILLY: No. It's a fact.
LUCIE MILLER: I get it. You're a porter. You move folks about.
BILLY: Same principle as your donor card. You agree with that.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but...
BILLY: What are you fighting for, Lucie Miller? Why ... why is it you don't just give up? There's no cure for what you've got, it's just a waste of NHS resources.
LUCIE MILLER: Oi.
BILLY: Nothing much'll change when you're gone. Sure, your folks will be sad, your friends will look all wistful when your name come up. Maybe they'll even run a half-marathon for the hospital, make themselves feel better about losing you.
LUCIE MILLER: I've had enough of this.
BILLY: I could use you, though. I could put Phil's consciousness in your brain and body. You can appear on the scene, forgotten Aunty, be a guardian angel to them kids, a Christmas angel.
LUCIE MILLER: They're not my problem. I'm sad for them, yeah...
BILLY: Sad? Sad? What good is that? All the pity in the world won't change a thing for those kids.
LUCIE MILLER: I suppose.
BILLY: Then do something about it. Give it up, Lucie. Give it up, and let me make the exchange.

(Running.)
THE DOCTOR: Wait, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: What?
THE DOCTOR: This Zynog, he'll be using alien technology to project himself into Lucie's unconscious.
AUNTY PAT: Well, he won't be using voodoo.
THE DOCTOR: And his parabolic diverter? It homes in on non-Earth signals?
AUNTY PAT: Yes, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Well, give it to me.
AUNTY PAT: Somewhere in me handbag.
(Searching through things in bag.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on, come on, come on.
AUNTY PAT: Oh sorry, I keep me kitchen sink in here.
THE DOCTOR: You really have gone native, haven't you?
AUNTY PAT: Ta-da!
THE DOCTOR: Turn around in a circle.
AUNTY PAT: You what?

THE DOCTOR: Just do it.
AUNTY PAT: The signal's strongest this way.
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Run!

LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, Billy. No deal.
BILLY: No?
LUCIE MILLER: See, I know what you are now. You're a hallucination. You're the bit in me, in all of us, that wants to go mad, to throw it all away. Huh! I even based you on a bloke I met tonight in Bramlington Services. Seedy-looking fella. Took eight sugars in his coffee. Eight sugars, and a double espresso.
BILLY: Rationalisation. That's good. That's why your subconscious picked him, you think? A warning to yourself about the dangers of self-destruction?
LUCIE MILLER: Makes sense to me.
BILLY: Clever girl, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Aren't I just.
(Alien breathing.)
BILLY: (Zynog) You're a fool.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
BILLY: (Zynog) This is who I really am, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God...
(She seems to faint. LUCIE MILLER gasps. Bleeps.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Oh, Lord. Oh blimey. Lucie? Luce! Help. Help.
(Buzzer.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Come on. Answer.
MARIKA: Who is that?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's Lucie. Erm ... girl in the coma. She's...
MARIKA: Wait there. Touch nothing.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Lucie, love. Don't die, please.

(Quick walking.)
THE DOCTOR: Somewhere round here.
AUNTY PAT: Store cupboard. Ah, locked.
THE DOCTOR: Allow me.
(Buzzing of parabolic diverter.)
THE DOCTOR: Shut that thing up, would you?
AUNTY PAT: Yeah, it's driving *me* nuts.
(Sonic screwdriver.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, that's got it.
(Door opened. Inside a cupboard.)
AUNTY PAT: Well, it's got to be in here somewhere.

(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
BILLY: (Zynog) Get up. Had a funny turn, did you, seeing an alien?
LUCIE MILLER: I've seen lots of aliens, pal. It's just, not so many who were so bloomin' ugly. Aren't you a Zygon?
(Changing back.)
BILLY: Not exactly.
LUCIE MILLER: What's not exactly a Zygon?
BILLY: Oh, you'll see. Plenty of fight left in you, eh Lucie Miller?
LUCIE MILLER: I told you, I don't give up.
BILLY: Well, let's see about that.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey! Get off!
BILLY: Come with me.
(LUCIE MILLER grunts.)

FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's all right. False alarm.
MARIKA: What did you do to machine?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Nothing. She went right again almost straight away.
MARIKA: There is no such thing as false alarm with patient like this.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: There isn't?

MARIKA: I shall have to call consultant.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: I reckon I'm no use here.
MARIKA: No. You wait. He shall want to speak with you.
(FATHER CHRISTMAS moving off.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Sorry.
MARIKA: Wait!
(Phone bleeps.)
SECURITY GUARD: (phone) Security desk?
MARIKA: Yes. This is Marika on Dublin Ward.
SECURITY GUARD: (phone) Something the matter, chuck?
MARIKA: There is strange man dressed in Father Christmas outfit. He may have been interfering with patient.
SECURITY GUARD: (phone) But he's gone now, yeah?
MARIKA: Yes.
SECURITY GUARD: (phone) So, you want me to find a strange man dressed in a Father Christmas outfit.
MARIKA: Yes.
SECURITY GUARD: (phone) On Christmas Eve.

AUNTY PAT: Maybe we got it wrong.
THE DOCTOR: No. Laundry pallet. Here, help me with these sheets.
(Sheets moved.)
THE DOCTOR: And there he is. I'm sure I've seen him somewhere before.
AUNTY PAT: He'll have changed bodies since I saw him last.
THE DOCTOR: At Bramlington. In the queue for the coffee machine. What's this on his forehead?
AUNTY PAT: Zynog diadem. It generates the trance state he needs to transmit himself into Lucie's unconscious. Don't touch it!
THE DOCTOR: Why not?
AUNTY PAT: Lucie's brain function is compromised enough as it is. She doesn't need the trauma of a Zynog imploding in her head.
THE DOCTOR: I realise that, but if I can connect my brain to his I can follow his psychic wavelength into Lucie's mind, and warn her about what he is.
AUNTY PAT: Yes, but...
THE DOCTOR: What, what?
AUNTY PAT: But then she'll find out, won't she? About me. About you. About the lie we told her. About what we did.

(LUCIE MILLER grunts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where are you taking me?
BILLY: To see your beloved Aunty Pat, and your best friend, the time-travelling Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you mean?
BILLY: In here.
LUCIE MILLER: A cupboard? What are they doing in a cu...?
BILLY: You'll never guess.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? Oh God, no.
BILLY: Worse than that.
LUCIE MILLER: What could be worse?
(Door opened.)
BILLY: And here they are.
(Indistinct voices.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's you.
BILLY: My current avatar. I expect they're plotting to kill it.
LUCIE MILLER: A good thing too, I reckon.
BILLY: Go on. Go closer. Closer to your Aunty Pat. Oh, seems animated, doesn't she? Why don't you listen in?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm no eavesdropper.
BILLY: Listen in. Listen.
AUNTY PAT: Yes, but...
BILLY: To what she's saying.

AUNTY PAT: (echoed) But then she'll find out, won't she? About me. About you. About the lie we told her. About what we did.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat?

THE DOCTOR: She'll understand.
AUNTY PAT: Oh, sure she'll understand. Understand her Aunty Pat died before she was born, and the woman she loved as her Aunt was a Zygon?
THE DOCTOR: She'll understand you loved her, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: As an obligation, as a penance, as a cover.
THE DOCTOR: Shall we save her life first and deal with the drama later?
AUNTY PAT: You're the one who doesn't understand, Doctor. Pat Ryder ran away from her family to live out a fantasy of life on the road with a rock band. When that failed, she chose life as a consort to a long-haired alien enigma who made her feel closer to the stars.

BILLY: Remind you of anyone?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't want to hear this.
BILLY: I think you do.

AUNTY PAT: If Pat Ryder had lived, do you imagine she'd have shown the slightest interest in anything that came out of cheap and cheerful earthy Earthly Blackpool? That she'd have found anything diverting in her gauche ungainly niece? No, that wasn't Pat Ryder's scene.
THE DOCTOR: It changes nothing.
AUNTY PAT: It changes everything. 'Cause every special time that she and Lucie shared, every Christmas, every birthday, all those memories will be spoiled now. 'Cause what I felt wasn't an Aunty's love. It wasn't even human love. It was a love invented by me, and by you.

BILLY: All coming out now, isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: (tearful) I can't hear this.
(Moving off, door opened.)
BILLY: Hey. Stick around! Who knows what else you might discover!

THE DOCTOR: Love is love is love, Haygoth, wherever you find it. Look, we don't have time for this.
AUNTY PAT: You're not wrong there.
THE DOCTOR: Now look, I am a Time Lord. My double heartbeat is interfering with the phasing of the diadem.
AUNTY PAT: Are you looking for something?
THE DOCTOR: I won't be able to enter the psychic realm unless ... well, unless I stop my hearts, just long enough to hack into Lucie's dreaming. One minute. Two. That's all I need. Aha.
AUNTY PAT: Adrenalin.
THE DOCTOR: Give me two minutes. Two minutes to break the Zynog's hold over her, then two shots of adrenalin, one into each of my hearts. That'll bring me round.
AUNTY PAT: But what if it doesn't?
THE DOCTOR: It will.
AUNTY PAT: But if it doesn't?
THE DOCTOR: I trust you, Haygoth, to look after her, to do right by her.
AUNTY PAT: But...
THE DOCTOR: Look, just draw up the shots, thank you. No more arguing, I need total concentration to will my hearts to stop. I knew a flying Yogi once could switch his consciousness off and on like that.
(Snaps fingers.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, could he break the ice at parties.
AUNTY PAT: I'm ready, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Ready? What are you doing? Two minutes, I said.
AUNTY PAT: It's not adrenalin. It's a sedative. Sorry, Doctor. It's too risky.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: I can't wait for her forgiveness.

BILLY: There's nowhere to run, Lucie Miller. Nowhere to hide. Not from the truth.
LUCIE MILLER: Just ... leave us alone, will you?

BILLY: Out of breath, are you? In a coma? Bad sign. Bad, bad sign.
LUCIE MILLER: Please!
BILLY: That'll be your brain shutting up shop, foreclosing on your body. Listen, there, there.
LUCIE MILLER: What? What's happening?
BILLY: You've seen it a hundred times over on Casualty and that. The grim-faced porters pushing the trolley into Resus B, awkward housemen looking like a rabbit caught in the headlights, the smooth consultant bounding in like he can will the patient back to life, the careworn staff nurse passing him the paddles. Clear!
LUCIE MILLER: Please. Please stop!
BILLY: Yes. That's it. I think we should stop.
LUCIE MILLER: Wha... No.
BILLY: You said it, love. Is everyone agreed?
LUCIE MILLER: I didn't mean ... No!
BILLY: Too late. You're mine now.
(LUCIE MILLER sobs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, no. No!
BILLY: Time of death? Oh, look. Zero hours, zero-zero minutes. Happy Christmas, Lucie Miller.
AUNTY PAT: (distant) Leave her alone.
LUCIE MILLER: Wha... what?
BILLY: Oh look. The relatives are gathering around the bedside.
AUNTY PAT: Lucie, you don't have to listen to him. You don't have to go.
LUCIE MILLER: Please. I don't want her here, him here, it.
AUNTY PAT: Lucie...
BILLY: She knows, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: She knows what?
LUCIE MILLER: She knows, Haygoth.
AUNTY PAT: Listen, whatever he's told you, it's not right.
LUCIE MILLER: I heard it from the horse's mouth. Well, Zygon's mouth. "Then she'll find out, won't she, about me, about you, about the lie we've told her, about what we did."
AUNTY PAT: Luce...
LUCIE MILLER: Don't Luce me. You and the Doctor, all those years, you were laughing at me.
AUNTY PAT: No. That's not how it was.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't care how it was.
AUNTY PAT: We didn't want to hurt you.
LUCIE MILLER: What's wrong with hurting, eh? Feeling stuff. That's what makes us real.
(BILLY grunts.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's what makes us alive.
BILLY: No!
AUNTY PAT: You got that right.
LUCIE MILLER: (echoing) Got what? Hey. Don't you dare fade away, not when I'm talking to you.
AUNTY PAT: It's not us who's fading, love, it's you.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
AUNTY PAT: You're going back.
LUCIE MILLER: But I...
AUNTY PAT: I know you haven't started. Just go easy on the Doctor, will you.
LUCIE MILLER: Aunty Pat?
AUNTY PAT: Oh, and you're beautiful.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't start that.
BILLY: You, Haygoth. You have ruined everything.
AUNTY PAT: I don't have the strength to fight you, not any more.
BILLY: You had the strength to cheat me, Haygoth, to steal my parabolic diverter. You'll pay for this for a long, long time to come.
AUNTY PAT: Yeah, yeah - a Zynog's for life, not just for Christmas.
BILLY: I don't understand.
AUNTY PAT: Just get on with it. How does this work?
BILLY: I kill you now, with my metaphysical bare hands.
(His voice changes to Zynog.)
AUNTY PAT: So be it.
(AUNTY PAT grunts.)

BILLY: (Zynog) But before I crush your consciousness, I want you to know, I'll be taking Lucie Miller's body-print soon enough.
AUNTY PAT: No, no!
BILLY: (Zynog) As Pat Ryder I'd still be a no-one stuck on Earth, but as Lucie Miller, Time Lord's companion.
AUNTY PAT: (choking) No, no, please!
BILLY: (Zynog) You are nothing to me, Haygoth. Nothing to Lucie. Nothing to anyone. Die.
(AUNTY PAT chokes.)

(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
MARIKA: Hello? Hello?
LUCIE MILLER: I ... I...
MARIKA: She is conscious. Lucie? Yes? It is fine. Do not worry, you are in hos...
LUCIE MILLER: Holby City, yeah. Oh, God.
MARIKA: No. It is Blackpool General.
LUCIE MILLER: I know. Where's the Doctor?
MARIKA: He is just here. Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: No, I don't want to see him!
MARIKA: You have had an accident. The doctor must see you.
LUCIE MILLER: I said I don't want to see him! All right?

(AUNTY PAT gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello, hello, Pat, Haygoth?
AUNTY PAT: Yes, Pat, Haygoth. Oh. I feel unwell.
THE DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. Come on, we have to find an antidote.
AUNTY PAT: Yes. Antidote?
THE DOCTOR: Something for this poor devil too, the hot rod driver, whoever he is.
AUNTY PAT: I shall call for help.
THE DOCTOR: Wait. Let me just check. Oh, shame, he's dead.
AUNTY PAT: Dead? Oh!
THE DOCTOR: The Zynog's left him, moved on.
AUNTY PAT: What did you mean just now, antidote?
THE DOCTOR: Tell me, what was the name of Trevor's last hit single?
AUNTY PAT: I...
THE DOCTOR: Come on.
AUNTY PAT: I don't have time for ... pop quizzes ... Ow!
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right, it's all right, I've got you. Deep breaths.
AUNTY PAT: What ... what is happening to me.
THE DOCTOR: Which face will you choose, which one will you lose. You're a falling star. Haygoth would never have forgotten that.
AUNTY PAT: You knew.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. What's your name?
AUNTY PAT: My name?
THE DOCTOR: Well, I can't just call you Zynog.
AUNTY PAT: Landak.
THE DOCTOR: Landak. Pretty name. You shouldn't have done it, Landak, none of it.
AUNTY PAT: I feel cold, like there's ice water in these veins.
THE DOCTOR: Salt water, actually.
AUNTY PAT: What?
THE DOCTOR: A concentrated saline solution. Good for humans, but taken intravenously to a Zygon...
AUNTY PAT: Poison?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
AUNTY PAT: Then he has cheated me, again.
THE DOCTOR: I realised what Haygoth had done as soon as I came round. That's why he knocked me out. He knew I would never allow it.
AUNTY PAT: Then - why did you pretend? Why test me?
THE DOCTOR: I just needed to be sure who it was in there, before I moved Heaven and Earth to save her, him.
AUNTY PAT: There is an antidote. The Skarasen's milk.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but you need it right now, right this instant. I had thought maybe I could synthesise some, this is a hospital after all, but...
AUNTY PAT: It's too late. I understand.
THE DOCTOR: Haygoth wasn't healthy, I'm afraid. Please, let me sit with you, until it's over.
AUNTY PAT: All I wanted was another chance, like Haygoth had.
THE DOCTOR: No, you wanted to take his life to extend your own. The thing is, it wasn't Pat Ryder who died back in Nineteen Eighty-Five. Not really. It was Haygoth, who sacrificed himself to bring Aunty Pat to life. And that was Aunty Pat who sacrificed herself just now to save her niece, to save Lucie.
AUNTY PAT: It's getting colder.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Here, hold my hand.
AUNTY PAT: I'm scared.
THE DOCTOR: Shh.
AUNTY PAT: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: Shh.

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Come on everybody, it's Christmas.
(He sings and the others there join in.)
GROUP: (singing) In the bleak midwinter...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Frosty wind made moan...
GROUP: (singing) Frosty wind made moan...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Earth stood hard as iron.
GROUP: (singing) Earth stood hard as iron...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: That's great. Keep going.
GROUP: (singing) Water like a stone.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Snow had fallen, Snow on snow.
GROUP: (singing) Snow had fallen, Snow on snow...
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Lovely.
GROUP: (singing) Snow on snow....
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Join in everybody, join in.
GROUP: (singing) In the bleak midwinter, long ago.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: That's the spirit.
(They start to sing the verse again.)
RECEPTIONIST: All right, Santa, keep it down I said.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Ah, join in, you.
RECEPTIONIST: Oh!
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's Christmas. Dreary old tune, mind.
MARIKA: Excuse me. Mr er... Yes.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Oh, it's you.
MARIKA: Your friend.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah. (Sniffs.) I know.
MARIKA: She is gone.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah.
MARIKA: Oh no, I mean, she has left the building.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: It's all right. You don't have to resort to euphemisms.
MARIKA: No, I mean *really* left the building. She just discharged herself.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Discharged?
MARIKA: She is very foolish. She should not have left. She should still be here in hospital. You are her friend. Do you know where she will have gone?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: No idea, sorry. But the other fella she hangs around with, he's a doctor.
MARIKA: Then he should know better.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah. She woke up, though. That's brilliant. Excuse me. Come on, you lot. (Singing) In the bleak Midwinter...
(The group are in the middle of the song, at the line "water like a stone".)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah. Sorry about that. I reckon she'll be all right, love.
MARIKA: I hope so. Yet ... you are good with people. Even receptionist is joining in, and ... she is miserable devil.
(Faint sound of telephone ring in the background.)
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Oh well, I'm ... a professional, you see.
MARIKA: Singer?

FATHER CHRISTMAS: Santa. Well, I was. Had a grotto in the retail park at Bramlington. Only the Trader's Association replaced me this year. Too old.
MARIKA: (laugh) How can Father Christmas be too old?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Hah! You tell me. Oh well...
MARIKA: You have no job?
FATHER CHRISTMAS: No.
MARIKA: Hmm. They need porters here.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah?
MARIKA: You are good with people. You would do well, I think. I must go now. Happy Christmas.
FATHER CHRISTMAS: Yeah. You too. Ah, you call that singing? Come on. It's Christmas!

(Choir in background continuing. Outside now.)
CHOIR: Snow on snow...
THE DOCTOR: I thought I'd find you here.
CHOIR: In the bleak midwinter...
LUCIE MILLER: Couldn't go home, could I? I'm already there.
THE DOCTOR: Can I sit down?
LUCIE MILLER: It's a big beach. Plenty of space.
CHOIR: Long, long ago.
(The song continues in the background as they speak.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, come on. I don't want to talk, though.
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: I know I shouldn't have left, but I thought I'd better. If they wanted to know who I was, they could call my folks.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
(LUCIE MILLER sound of shivering.)
THE DOCTOR: Are you cold?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, it's a surgical gown. There's a bit of a draught up the back.
THE DOCTOR: Here, my coat.
LUCIE MILLER: No fear. People know me round here. Wouldn't be seen dead dressed like some...
THE DOCTOR: Like some ponce.
LUCIE MILLER: You said it, pal.
THE DOCTOR: Look, I realise I should have told you. We both should.
LUCIE MILLER: Too late now.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. I know it's complicated.
LUCIE MILLER: (tearful) Too right.
THE DOCTOR: She loved you very much.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: There's something. Look.
LUCIE MILLER: Her handbag.
THE DOCTOR: Take it.
LUCIE MILLER: No.
THE DOCTOR: There's a card inside. It's for you.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe later. I don't know.
THE DOCTOR: What will you do?
LUCIE MILLER: Can't go home. Not till the Summer. once I've left.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe hitch a ride in a lorry, bum round Europe, something.
THE DOCTOR: Hitch?
LUCIE MILLER: I'll be careful.
THE DOCTOR: No, it's just...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. What the hell's that?
THE DOCTOR: A parabolic diverter. It's a sort of space thumb. I left it ticking over, you see, at Bramlington.
(TARDIS materialisation.)
LUCIE MILLER: Handy for you.
THE DOCTOR: For me?
LUCIE MILLER: You heard.

THE DOCTOR: You don't mean that.
LUCIE MILLER: You lied to me.
THE DOCTOR: I know. But...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, I know you would have a shed-load of good reasons. I'm not saying you're - I don't know - a bad person. It's just...
(Breaks off and sobs.)
THE DOCTOR: Just? Just what?
LUCIE MILLER: Everything's changed.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I was wrong. I should have told you.
LUCIE MILLER: Now I'll never be able to trust you again, properly like.
THE DOCTOR: But people are fallible.
LUCIE MILLER: Not you though. Not you.
THE DOCTOR: Yes - me, Lucie. Me. I'm no super-hero, you know. I don't have X-ray eyes. I can't leap tall buildings with a single bound.
LUCIE MILLER: But you travel in Time and Space. You've got two hearts, you live in a magic box that's bigger on the inside, you know all about ... stuff. You're the Doctor. You're brilliant and it was great, I mean really bleedin' great and ... and, well ... that's how I want to remember it. That's how I want to remember *you*.
THE DOCTOR: So I'm just a memory now.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. The best memory I've got.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. I remember the Doctor. He was great.
(TARDIS dematerialisation noise starts.)
LUCIE MILLER: We had a great time, an amazing time. Then one night he just disappeared in his magic box. Just disappeared. And I'll never forget him. Never.